

House Arrest by Whistle_Mist

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Summary:

Soulmate AU: Where the kids decided that the only way to get Billy and Steve together is to lock them in a basement for the weekend.

The plan was genius.

House Arrest

When Steve Harrington was five years old his soul mate's initials appeared on his wrist. He looked over them in awe as a child he had wondered where his soul mate was and what they would be like. Like every child who got their mark early, he wondered who could possibly be out there and were in his town?

It was something that he always wondered create how people found their soulmates. Others swear that it just happened sometimes people just showed up into their lives and that's how they found their soulmates. Other people however never found their soulmates yeah instead they lived their lives without ever knowing who their loved one was.

What was really upsetting was the fact that he had been told that since he was so young when he got him that meant that they might have a chance to find him. But after looking throughout the entire town over and asking anyone if they had a similar tattoo on their wrists with the initials BH they came up with nothing. Even those who did have the same initials didn't click.

there was no strong connection to those. And that's what was supposed to happen.

Even after he got older, and his parents kept leaving on business trips leaving Steve alone in this giant house with no one to rely on he had started to take care of himself. Relying on himself to get ready and relied on himself I'm picking up groceries at the store here even to the point where he took himself to school. At some point, he called up his dad on the other side of the world and told him that he needed to learn how to drive.

There had been some hope that maybe his dad would come back and teach you how to drive. Instead, all that happened was a car was delivered to the house. His name was signed as the owner of the car as well as insurance period and Steve ended up having to teach himself how to drive.

Even though he never let it show he was really upset that no one

taught him how to drive. He pretended as he got it right the first time instead of practicing for hours and hours in the dead of night some no one knew he was scared, or his hands would shake when he first got behind the wheel.

Despite everything in all the so-called friends he had he did everything in his power to become popular in this small town. Because if he were popular, he had attention and if he had attended, he could pretend he was loved.

And slowly in the span of two years of popularity started to fade. Once because he ended up getting dumped by Nancy and to be honest that wasn't even his fault! He was sure that she and Jonathan had known at some point that they were soul mates. Still that hurt.

So Steve continued his way and would check anybody out new in town to see if they had any initials on them. So far one was a child who was five and the other one was 86 years old period he had a feeling those were not his soul mates.

So as the years went on and a new family moved into town Steve had wanted to check out the new people. But when he saw that it was a guy, he had just checked that idea aside.

It wasn't uncommon there was just something about Billy Hargrove that Steve really didn't like. Even though he hadn't met him until the party when that dipshit had drunk his way to being the new keg king. A title that Steve held because it gave him a good standing in the school social circle and then proceeded to make his way over only to stare intensely at him.

Leaving seconds later because what the hell was that about? Steve had found Nancy and when she gave her drunken convention Steve's heart was broken. He knew that they couldn't be together forever they weren't soulmates still he had tricked himself into loving her period that maybe it was OK to love someone who wasn't your soulmate.

That all kinds of crap happened. Steve was more pissed off that he

got beat up in that stupid Scoops Ahoy uniform more than anything and kidnapped by Russians?! Who was gonna believe him if he told them exclamation point his only friends were twelve years old and one of those twelve-year-olds were as a best friend?

Steve had no idea how he had gone from the king of the size school to teenage mom of six children that he looked after and drove around like a soccer mom. To one point he thought he should get a van. Because there is so many times where he realized these brats were growing like weeds and they wouldn't be able to fit in his car

That's why after they defeated the mind flayer he had been surprised when Billy Hargrove the bastard of Indiana Hawkins High and the jerk who beat him up more than twice dropped off his sister Max and Lucas did why was that strange? Because he could have sworn that Billy hated Lucas.

Standing there, mouth open stupidly he stared at the blonde like he had grown two heads. Was this some kind of trick? Was he trying to hurt his kids?! Because he wasn't okay with that.

Despite everything that happens to you have grown fond of these kids. And honestly, he was the best damn babysitter there ever was good he kept them safe from actual monsters. Using his nailed that and all Steve was sure that he had earned that damn title of mom and he was only 17 two!

So why in the world was Billy Hargrove willing to drive two of the middle schoolers to his house and drop them off? He had been in such a state of shock that he hadn't realized he was just staring like an idiot with his mouth open it wasn't until Billy came up to him that he realized he should probably brace for an impact of a fist or maybe it needs to the stomach.

“Cat got your tongue, Harrington?” Billy had asked taking out a cigarette lighting up and pushing it between his lips. The blonde took a deep drag of it before blowing out the smoke. “Gotta pick them up by 10.”

“Pick who up by ten?”

Why was Billy even allowed near his kids?

“Because that's what time I have to pick up Max and besides, I'm giving her boyfriend a ride home.” Billy took another drag of his smoke he blew out the air his brows knitted together as he looked over the brunette. “You ain't dreaming I actually dropped both of these brats off and I'm gonna fucking pick them up when I get back.”

“Okay, but why?” Steve was a little cautious. Maybe it was something about this guy that set him off, but it also could be the fact that he was beaten up more than five times this year. Probably two out of three of those were Billy but still. “Not to be an asshole but don't you hate kids? Hell, don't you hate your sister,”

“Yeah, well, after that whole being controlled and possessed stuff? I finally asked her what was going on and let me and all of you live a very screwed-up life. I thought my life was screwed up but dealing with monsters and demon dogs and a place called the upside-down? Either I'm still in a coma in the hospital or this shit is real. Either case I'll be back by ten,”

“I'll see you then I guess?” She watched as the blonde got into his Camaro and speed off like a speed demon good what in the world was going on! All right he was gonna have to talk to Dustin. Walking into his house calling out for the curly head middle schooler. “Dustin, I need your advice!”

“If it's about calculus again we've gone over this Steve you're just not good at math!”

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It was weird.

Steve wasn't used to having to share the kids with anyone else. And Billy Hargrove had bought them pizza! That jerk had won them over with pizza and soda period of course there was an apology, and he was told by the others that they talked to them but the fact that they were so settled that they got pizza and we're like yeah, he's an okay-ish guy now kin of rub Steve in the wrong way.

Maybe it was a jealousy thing, but he really didn't like how sometimes when he had no room in his car that Billy would pick up the slack and pick up at least half the kids. At some point, he realized that they would just show up at the same time two places, and the kids would split up and get into each of the cars.

Hell, it was everywhere too!

Steve didn't trust him still at least not all the way but at least he wasn't hurting the kids or threatening to kill them anymore. Max seemed happier with this new version of her brother. But then again if someone barbecued his brain, he's supposed to be a different person.

And it wasn't just that! Billy had not shoved him or teased him or even threatened to kill him which was sweet if you thought about it or knew what kind of person Billy Hargrove was. Should he think that was sweet? Well, maybe it was and besides, if people really knew him, they would think this was the sweetest version of him.

Although Steve could do without the story that Max had told him about the brainwashed being nice Billy. Oh, that sends shivers up his spine because what the hell was that all about.

Steve could think about was how Billy seemed to just stare at him sometimes. Long side glances and sometimes he would smile. A few times he had come over to talk to him and they had an awkward conversation that usually ended up in silence as they waited for the kids.

Soon summer rolled around, and Steve was at the pool watching the kids. And stupidly realized they were over twelve years old, hell most of them were thirteen! Why the was the hell was he here watching them? They would be fine on their own! And besides, he had no reason to be here. He could either go home or go wherever to pick them up when it was over.

Instead, he ended up getting a chair next to the lifeguard tower. And would end up talking to Billy. First, it was about the new movie called back to the future and how there was a second one weird, but he was curious about the blonde and wanted to see but they ended

up having a nice conversation about the first movie. Laughing about some of the jokes the awkwardness with the mom and son.

All in all, it was nice.

What Steve counted on though is that as he laid there soaking up some sun which was nice, he had slathered on a ton ass of sunblock because let's face it he barbecued in the sun and not like the nice soft and that most people got or even the golden brown that most people sought after. Nope, Steve became a lobster.

Maybe that was one thing that Billy had over him. Because Billy never seemed to put on damn sunblock and somehow managed to get that nice light glowing brown tan. Like a damn model spirit now that wasn't fair. Maybe it was California and air or water, but Steve rather is looking hot and sexy and not like a barbecued lobster. Wait a man could you barbecue lobster? In either case, he was sure it was correct

Yawning Steve laid down he was thinking about taking a nap. Honestly, he still didn't know why he came to the damn pool. The kids were fine on their own anyone else said that he had brought lunch for them. Oh shit, he really was a mom.

"Well, well, well if it isn't Steve the mom and Billy the dad."

"Go away Heather I'm busy," Billy called down the towers he continued to scan the pool. If there was one thing Billy really took seriously it was any job, he had, such as being a lifeguard he was not only a good swimmer, but he gets spot anyone drowning at any section in the pool. "It's not time for your shift so get lost."

"Wait, what did you just call Billy?" Honestly, Steve was a little offended. How come he didn't get the dad title? "And I'll have you know those kids were mine first."

"Wow, that was a great defense. I'm so shocked how would I ever recover from this?" Heather scoffs rolling her eyes. She looked up at the lifeguard tower anyway seeing Billy still scanning the water and not even paying attention to them. "Look there's gonna be this Family Day event thing next week and all lifeguards have to be on deck. Seriously though we have some tourists coming in and they're going

to have all this fancy crap that the rich people bought meaning free food sodas and all that which means a pool is going to be a damn mess.”

“The damn mass and a lot of drowning kids you mean. So, let me guess the boss wants me here because I'm the fastest swimmer.”

“He also said he had some tickets in case your family wanted some. I figured maybe you and your stepmom wanted to come and maybe Max?”

“I'll take the extra tickets. They might want to show up. I have no idea; I'll ask them later.”

“I'll make sure to save some tickets. If you want to invite anyone else let me know.”

“Actually Heather I'm gonna need a couple more tickets. Eight in total and besides, I'll get in free considering I'm a lifeguard. Hey! No running you little dipshit!”

“Can I get some tickets too?” Steve asked curiously. “The kids would love it and even if I have to pay for them, I'll do that.”

“Harrington, are you death or something?” Billy asked yanking off his sunglasses. “I just said yes to the tickets. Now shut the hell up and let me do my job.”

“Wait, those tickets are for us?”

“No, it's for the other kids we constantly take care of and drive around.”

“Hey, don't be a dick about it.” Steve paused. “And how come I have to be the mom, but you get to be the dad?”

Before Billy could even answer some woman came over seeing Steve and asked him if he could babysit her five-year-old while she ran and did some errands and even offered to pay him. Steve was thinking he should refuse the child. But alternately, he couldn't bring himself to do it and it wasn't in his heart. Offering his arms out he took the five-year-old and if he remembered correctly this was Nathan who had a

really hard time swimming and had asthma.

And with an eye on him and Steve was sure Billy was watching him from the corner above him he slathered on sunblock onto the kid before glaring at Hargrove only deceive smirking. That smug face was clearly thinking what he was feeling.

“You're the mom, Princess.” And then in a joking sense, he had waived him himself. “Call me daddy Harrington.”

it was a joke and Steve knew that but it didn't stop him from flinging the almost empty bottle of sunblock at Bailey kid and he was so glad that the sunblock was on the bottle and still hit that bastard in the head.

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After a long while, Steve had stood there in the mall, and it was empty it was Monday, so it made sense. He and Robin were just hanging around as he was thinking about what was going on between him and Billy. There is something there, but he couldn't place what it could be.

Maybe it was because they were both watching the kids now. Slowly Billy had integrated himself into the group pad it was to the point where they both had each other's home phone numbers and even had schedules on when the kids had the stuff to do good to the point where Steve was wondering if they even rode their bikes anymore.

Because they were picking them up for school dropping them off after school going to sports events taking them to other schools that they had to go on a team which was funny cause it was mostly just Max and El. The rest of the kids had their signs stuff to do that Steve understood nothing of.

Hell, he was lucky that Dustin was able to teach him some semi-long division.

So there was something about Billy Hargrove that caught Steve Harrington's attention. Sometimes it was a laugh sometimes it was a smile and there were moments where they would just stand outside

waiting for the kids to get out or they were just standing there sharing a smoke talking about something stupid that happened at their jobs.

“Do you think Billy is my friend?”

“I thought he was your husband.” Robin teased as she ate one of the cones without ice cream in it. “I saw the two of you walking around the grocery store the other day trying to figure out which snacks to get for the kids. because really you didn't notice that? You guys start to notice how you look at each other and crap?”

“Like friends?”

“Steve, I hate to tell you this, but I think your hair made you dumb at some point. It's so beautiful and vivacious fluffy and it is a really good feature of you, but I swear to God sometimes you're just so stupid I wanna smack you.”

“Don't touch my face or the hair yeah please Robin the last two years I've been through hell and back literally. It's hard being a mother of six.”

“Jesus do you even hear yourself.”

“Don't be jealous Robin one day you might be able to live my wonderful life of adopting middle schoolers and ending up having to fight for your life once again. By the way, I'm pretty sure no one believes about the Russians.”

“Harrington, they don't even believe that you're straight.”

Choking on actual air Steve almost had a heart attack gasping and sputtering looking at Robin like she had lost her mind. He waved at her and confusion and anger trying to figure out why the hell she would say that!

“Really? You're gonna make me tell you to go to work I can't do that that might ruin it.”

“Tell me what! Come on Robin we've been over this I have some good ideas sometimes but most of the time it's a shot in the dark!”

"Alright fine take a moment take a deep breath period now dingus looked at your arm what do you see?"

"My arm."

"Oh my God... What's on your arm?"

"This stupid sailor cuffs they make us wear now,"

"No, Harrington! Your soul mate initials! Your soul mate's initials exhibition point look at the initials and tell me one thing have you noticed that every single time that you hang out with Billy Hargrove he has that dumb California whatever bracelet cuff leather I don't even know what the hell that is on his arm in the exact same place where you have your cell mate's initials,"

"You mean Billy found his soulmate and had to leave them when he moved here? Oh my God, do you think they're still in California?"

"You smoke marijuana today Harrington?"

"Uh, no, not today last night."

"You're so lucky you're pretty. You are so damn lucky that you're very pretty because I swear Harrington if you weren't I'd be seriously worried about you."

"Robin stop being subtle tell me what you're talking about."

"Subtle? Oh my God did you really think I was being subtle? yeah, no Harrington I need you to go and just spend time with Billy alone because... dot? He is? Your....?"

"My friend,"

"You're an actual idiot here and I love you for it but sometimes I really do you wanna take that bat out of the trunk of your car and just swing."

"You can't leave my kids without a mother."

"Let's go with that, alright people say that you're the mother of this

little group and they called Billy the dad of the group which means...?”

“Billy's trying to steal my kids from me!”

“No, your dumbass!”

“Then what does it mean because if he's not trying to steal my kids and if he's not my best friend the only thing it is that he's.... He's.... oh God. Oh hell. Robin, do you know what this means?”

“Finally!” She sighed a huge sigh of relief before slumping over the counter looking at him feeling exhausted from their small conversation. “You get it now Harrington?”

“That Billy misses his soul mate! I need to find them in California!”

“You know I could use this scoop instead and just bang you over the head a couple 100 times see if that knocks some damn sense into you!”

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If there was one thing that Dustin and Max could agree on was that sometimes Steve was an absolute idiot. Yet as good moments they agreed to that but while Dustin did his best to defend Steve this was getting stupid. Even for the brunette.

What made it worse Billy was the blonde person in this group. and Max had told Dustin that on Billy's arm was the initials S.H. which could only mean one person. And when the two were together there seemed to be this air around them.

So in conclusion the entire group agreed that Billy Hargrove and Steve Harrington were clearly soulmates and the only ones who didn't know was Steve. It seemed like Billy knows but he hadn't gotten the courage up to talk to him about it. This was stupid according to Max but then again Max also mentioned that after they had managed to kick her stepdad out and her mom pressed charges on Neil, because he was an abusive ass, and over a short time, with a therapist, Billy had gotten better.

The only thing now is getting Steve to realize this because now he had them trying to figure out who the hell Billy's soulmate was so he could reunite them. Meanwhile, Billy was clueless I'm working at the pool most days.

Dustin loved his friend really, he did really, he just needed Steve to chest look at their risk. This was why Dustin was having a great idea and it was clearly going to work because they had seen it in movies and TV shows all the time.

They were going to trap these two in a room and make them go on a date. It was a genius extension point and even better with the Wheeler family out of town the basement was being remodeled so it was the perfect place to lock them up there until they stopped acting like stupid idiots and realized they were meant for each other.

It was even better because according to Mike they had soundproofed the basement that way they could probably put an arcade down there and there was a small kitchenette and a half bath. Though he wasn't sure if that was really what's going to happen. Mike really thought they just wanted a playroom for the kids that way they wouldn't make so much noise.

It was brilliant.

It was also Friday night!

So, that's when Dustin picked up his phone dialed Steve's number, and start yelling at him that he was stuck in the basement at Mike's house, and he was hurt. that he had fallen down the stairs and couldn't move period of course he heard Steve freak out and head over. This was funny because if Steve were thinking clearly, he probably would have called an ambulance.

Meanwhile, Max had called Billy and told him that she needed to be picked up and she told him that she was in the basement trying to get her skateboard unhooked from the pipes. Claiming that one of the wheels had gotten stuck in it and she didn't have a screwdriver and they couldn't find one period so he said he would bring one over so they can get her skateboard free and head home.

Little did these two idiots know that they were going to end up locked in the basement for a weekend.

Billy had gotten there first, screwdriver in hand was trying to get the skateboard free and he swore it looked like someone had taken the wheels off slipped the board through the pipes before replacing them.

“Be right back, I gotta get some water,” Max said heading upstairs walking by some of the others. She hurried over to the window hoping Steve got there before Billy got done and sure enough Steve’s car came pulling up and he was jumping out. “He’s coming!”

“Okay, guys, hurry!” Dustin called running to hide. “Shhhh!”

The door banged open as Steve can flying in and Mike pointed to the basement as the teenager kept running and was going down the stairs so fast it looked like he was flying.

“Dustin!”

Billy looked back confused. “Why the hell are you yelling, pretty boy?”

“What- Billy?!” Steve looked around as moved trying to find an injured Dustin before looking back at him confused. “Where’s Dustin?!”

“Upstairs.” Billy stood up frowning. “What’s wrong with you?”

“They said he got badly hurt!” Steve almost shouted still looking around confused when a loud clang was heard causing them both to snap their heads up to the basement floor. “What was that?”

Scowling Billy moved forward Steve following him quickly. “What the fuck is this?”

Steve paused looking at the door. “Is that?”

“A metal door?” Billy checked it, locked. Banging on it he growled out in anger. “HEY! You little shits open this door!”

“This isn’t funny!” Steve yelled. “I need to check on Dustin!”

Instead of the metal screen door opening, a sheet covering it had them looking at the kids, all of whom were gathered looking at them. Billy glared at them as Steve frowned confused.

“Wait, Dustin, your not hurt?”

“Nope, and if I was, why would you not call an Ambulance?”

“Okay, hahaha,” Billy waved his hand in the air before gesturing it at the door. “Open the door.”

“Sorry, can’t.” Max shrugged. “We made you guys dinner and it's all set up for you,”

“Cute, now unlock the door,” Steve copied Billy waving his hand as well feeling a bit nervous when how they didn’t have a key in view. “Come on,”

“Sorry, guys but you stuck in there until Monday. Or Tuesday,”

“What?!” They both shouted.

“We kind of mailed the key to the door, that way you two would have time to talk about, ya know stuff,” Lucas looked at the others. “And we forgot they don’t deliver mail on Sundays,”

“Open. This. Door.” Steve got out. “*Now.*”

“*Listen* to your mother, open the damn door!”

“See you guys soon!”

And the blanket closed shut leaving the two locked up in the basement.